



GRIP'S CALENDAR.

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

VI.

AIN'T it queer, the belief folks have now in those creepy things like spiritualism, an' mesmerizin', an' hypnotizin'. Years ago they used to believe in jest plain ghosts, that walked around an' yelled. Seems to me that wuz a better way of scarin' yourself ef you wuz bound to be scared. Havin' somebody's spirit get on a sheet for clothes an' chase you is one thing, an' gettin' some medium man or woman to raise you at so much a raise is another. If there's any wickedness in dealin' with ghosts, seemed as ef when they chased you, the badness wuz all on their side. Raisin' 'em scares me. It jest makes me shudder to think of havin' yer friends bothered 'bout showin' theirselves whether they want to or not. Ef they want to, an' take after a person, it can't be helped, but seein' how people sigh after rest an' never find it till they die, seems a pity to go on routin' 'em up. Though, now I mind it, there wuz a man who writ a book an' he said the spirits wuz as anxious to tell of their goin's on as their folks on earth wuz to find out.

Then there's this writin' on paper what spirits do, usin' somebody else's hand seein' they ain't got none theirselves. 'Taint right—ef they'd been meant to "communicate," as folks call it, I guess they'd a been given the hands and writin' things would a been put handy. Ef these medium people tried half so hard to find out what livin' folks is doin' that they've no business to, they'd be doin some good, but I believe it'll bring jedgments on us, if we go on tryin' to eddicate spirits up into writers an' lecturers. I like the old-fashioned ideas of angels hoverin' round, an' I think hoverin's about all they ought to be called on to do.

These new people that believe your soul's been skitin' around this old earth in another body before you got it lent to you, they say there's a part of your brain 'ats su-p-i-n-e-a-l—that's the way you spell it, an' it's what they call a gland—that needs eddicatin' up, an' when it's got learnin' enough it can let you see things an' help you do things like

Madame Blavatsky did—jiggin' baggage from one country to another 'thout havin' it checked nor nothin'. There wuz a lecturin' woman I heard once when I wuz visitin' here before I come to study at my higher eddication—well, her name wuz Mrs. Annie Besant, an' she's one of them theosophizers, too, an' I believe she's a good woman, I don't care what they say about her, an' she didn't act crazy like they said. An' ef she wuz, 'twasn't her fault. Ef you've gone crazy you can't help it, but it's bein' wicked you'll get jedged fur. Now she believes our souls ain't brand new, an' do you know it hurts me to think about that. Seems as ef it takes away the reason fur your strivin' after good. Ef you've gone an' done wrong you're apt to say—"taint my fault—it's that old second-hand soul I've got—it ain't used to bein' good and tellin' the truth." An' of course ef it ain't a new soul, there's reason in it—maybe it belonged to a newspaper man or one of them auctioneers, an' I can't see how you'd be blamed ef the old thing went on follerin' its old ways an' gettin' into its old habits. For my own part I wouldn't feel near as condemned when I've done somethin' I know's wrong, ef I wuzn't sot on believin' that I got started out with my little slate an' pencil brand-new, an' with never a scratch on my spiritual bein' to show that anybody else wuz ever let write a single letter on it.

An' now I'm goin' to the Fair—'tain't so much of a thing here in the city as it wuz back where I come from. The country people go mostly to see the Fair, an' the city people go to see the country folks, at least you'd think so by their talk, though seems to me there's a good many things city folks might learn there if they wuz so bent on studyin' as they let on. I believe it's jest as big a sign of being ign'rant, not to know a horse-rake from a cultivator as it is to hev to ask which is the cash register an' which is the type-writin' machine. City folks don't look at it that way, but, my sakes, I kin see it's so, an' it can't be very far from the tramped down path o' common things.

SUSANNAH.



ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

VISITOR.—"Whose grave is this to be, my man?"

SEXTON.—"Old Skinflint's, the richest man in the village."

VISITOR.—"What complaint?"

SEXTON.—"None at all, sir. Everybody's perfectly satisfied."